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The Gleaner

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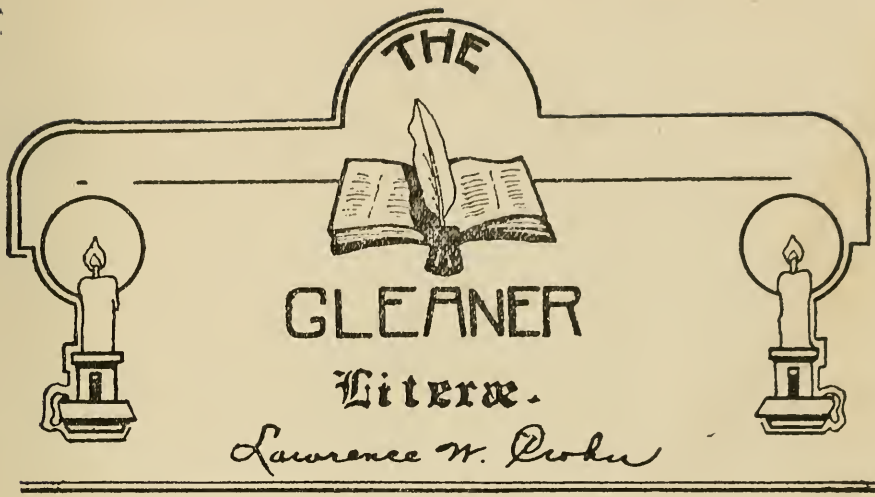

. . . This is peace:
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the heart,
To still the inward strife,
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech and stainless days;
These riches shall not pass away in life;
Nor any death dispraise.

—Edwin Arnold.

The Individual and the Social Unit.

The stream of life gushes on, whether or not we are aware of its course. It meets counter-currents and strikes rocks, but it still rushes on. What is the power that guides it? Is it the puny individual struggling with his passions and impulses, or is it the larger social entity, the composite human group? Both these factors are verities, but which is the impelling force remains to be observed.

Each age has had defenders of these two theories. In the past decade the great religious reformers have dwelt incessantly upon the genuineness of the social body and the insignificance of the individual. Complete unselfishness is their sermon. On the other hand, the doctrines of Schopenhauer and Nietsche have come equally into prominence. Schopenhaur would have us believe that the only pleasure in life is in our own inner joys. He would have us develop the self for no other purpose than the personal joy of that accomplishment. This individualism was carried so far as to produce a Nietsche and a resulting

school of pessimism. Thus these two theories of life are apparently at odds, but the future will no doubt see a harmony between them.

To judge of a theory we must measure its accomplishments. As we scan the history of the great world movements we cannot deny that individual genius has played a most effective part. Voltaire, Diderot and D'Lambert were the initial forces of the French revolution, and Tom Paine, Franklin and Washington were the fathers of the American revolution. Always before the reality comes the dream, and the dreamers of mankind, the individuals, have paved the way for the real great movements.

Society reacts on the individual. Say what you will, but the onsurging mob with its unkempt enthusiasm is the ruler of history. The teachings of Voltaire and his contemporaries were naught if not for the enthusiasm of the "Third Estate." Emerson says that society is a wave, and as it rises it carries all the particles along with it. We thus find that both theories are built on solid rock. But it is impossible that each is conclusive. Life can have but one meaning and not many. We must analyze the structure of the individual as well as the social unit.

Men strive and struggle to live their own lives. We commend them. But let us see what it is they are trying to realize. Their impulses and desires are those of the human race. Each living cell contains all the laws of life within it, and the many-celled man is but the agent of some huger design. An individual is a portion of the race in which it belongs, and it lives entirely the life as given to it by that race. This is apparent in all plant and animal life. Man must struggle to conform himself to the biological and psychical laws governing his race. To do this he must often assume a stronger individuality. But this very individuality is a sign of his high human development. Do we not with great stress point to the strong-willed as men? Yea, the more individual our life the more are we human, and the more are we fulfilling the functions of the race. The race is born in us and we live in it. It alone is supreme.

The use of the higher faculties of man has resulted in the establishment of society. Society is no more than a sort of racial consciousness. The impulse of race is made tangible by society. The social unit is the higher individual in the series of great groups leading to the great Unity. The river rushes on as the number of brooks and springs leading into it increases. So the great life-stream gushes forth as the individual springs run into the larger body. Truly the springs are the roots and foundation of the current, but without the larger they are of no avail. All taken together they form a real running body. Society is dependent upon the sum total of all the lives contained, but that society is the great living issue collecting the smaller organs.

The stream urges onward. Myriads of streamlets rush into it. Afar off in the mountains a brooklet is formed, and it runs here and there through nook and dell until the great stream is reached. There it becomes part and parcel of the great Whole. Its individuality is lost to assume a greater course. Onward the stream rushes, on, on, until it empties itself in the great

and mighty ocean. So does humanity go forward. Its streamlets empty into the stream, and the stream into the ocean—the Infinite—the goal of all life.

L. W. C.

All's Well That Ends Well.

The office was being closed up for the night. Mr. Smith, owner of Smith & Co., Brokers, had left with word that, if wanted, he would be at the directors' meeting of the Clinton Trust Co.

Wilkins, his private secretary, was about to lock the door, when he noticed a package lying on a desk, which evidently his employer had forgotten. He had the shock of his life as he read:

"Gold Eye Mine Securities
"Value, $500,000."

Wilkins began to feel uneasy in the growing darkness, with a large fortune before him. How careless his employer had been! But was it not up to him to inform him of it? As it was early in the evening, he thought it a good plan to proceed to his employer's home. So he boarded a car which took him far into the suburbs.

As he hastily jumped from the car he noticed two men follow example and keeping close in the rear. Although they looked respectable enough to the ordinary citizen, they did not to Wilkins. By this time the streets were nothing but black space, which made him feel more and more uneasy, even though he had but two blocks more to walk. He became panic-stricken as he heard footsteps behind him and started on a fast run. Splash! Had there been light, you might have seen Wilkins floundering out of a good-sized mud puddle.

Oh, how he dreaded to present himself in such a condition; but hearing the footsteps again made him decide. Starting to run, he soon arrived at the house, took the porch steps three at a time and frantically pushed the door bell, but to no avail. Everything was as quiet as a graveyard. Completely exhausted, he fell in a faint and slid down against the door with a moan.

Meanwhile Smith had been home, and, before leaving, had instructed the maid not to let any one in under any circumstances, as he had very valuable shares in the safe. And, should anything happen, she should telephone police headquarters.

As the door bell tinkled the maid thought of her master's instructions, so didn't answer the bell. Her curiosity getting the better of her, she tip-toed to the window and peeped out. With a scream she ran to the telephone and called the police department, asking the sergeant to send up a couple of officers immediately—some one was picking the lock.

With a start Wilkins awoke. He thought he had dreamed of being attacked, but first realized the truth of his dream when he heard two men crawling up the steps. Hurling himself at whom he thought to be the men who had followed him, a desperate battle began. During the tussle his precious package was lost. Finally, overpowered, he was taken to police headquarters.

"Well, my man, give an account of yourself," demanded the judge.

He told them how he was delivering a package and two men had

attacked him. But they turned out to be policemen.

"We've heard those tales before, but we have you with the goods—trying the lock. Is that all you can say? No proof," said the judge.

Wilkins' face beamed as he thought of the package, which, no doubt, would give him his release. He felt in his pocket—with a groan—empty.

"I thought so," said the judge. "Lock him up."

With cries of rage Wilkins was taken away.

In the meantime an officer was sent back to find out whether the story of the package was true.

About ten o'clock Mr. Smith came running into the police station and demanded to see the prisoner. As Wilkins, handcuffed, was led before him he gave vent to his rage.

"You!" Smith roared. "You! Oh, had it been anybody but you. You, whom I have trusted for nearly ten years. You, who knew where I kept my bonds and knew my combinations. You, who knew I would be away to-night and leave a fortune in the house, turn behind my back and play such damnable crooked tricks. And you——"

"Wait," groaned Wilkins, "let me explain." In agony gave an account of his hard night.

Just then the policeman who had been sent to look for the package came back with the prize, having found it on the porch.

One look at the package, and Smith nearly split his sides laughing.

"My treat, gentlemen," he said as he unwrapped the box.

Wilkins simply stared as he saw nothing but a tin of cream wafers before him. And then fainted dead away.

"You see," Smith said to the judge, "I am very fond of these wafers, and often take a tin home with me. Rather than advertise the fact that I had them, I wrapped them with the first sheet of paper I laid hold of. Unfortunately, it happened to be a sheet upon which I had copied a newspaper note that so-and-so stock was sold for $500,000. And the way it was wrapped brought the note out prominently on the face of the package. So, you see, it is all my fault. The best thing I can do when Wilkins comes to will be to inform him that his salary is raised."

"Oh, he'll pull through all right," replied the judge.

Rudolph E. Schuldt, '15.

Her Son.

She was speeding toward him. Yes, speeding. What a word! What it meant to her! Slowly she let it slip from her lips, purring it over and over again in delirious fancy. Speeding! Only a few more hours, and she should be with him.

Huddled in a corner of the car, a fragile, pathetic figure, yet withal showing a noble brow, she smiled in happiness and was carried away with the wonder of it all. Was it not love, pride and satisfaction that so illumined her features and made her almost believe God was arranging things for her sole benefit? Oh, but God seemed near to her then.

Then she would gaze on the tall gentleman across the aisle and think how much more handsome he would be by now. And his purity, and refinement, the personification of all that stood

for good. Her ideal—for was he not her son? The joy of it! Her son! And he had made a mark among men.

She reviewed over and over again in her mind his little eccentricities, when she used to take such pride in having him neat and nobby for school. How she would hustle to get him ready! Was he not always the pride of the teacher? Then she would ramble still further back, recalling how the neighbors used to look on his curly locks and exclaim, "What a darling!" And she dwelt on those words. "What a darling!" And now she was to see him after all these years of scraping and saving. And he had come out on top, had overcome the great city which she so dreaded.

How he would be surprised to see her! Joyfully surprised. Then she glanced down with apprehension at her humble attire. But, no, he wouldn't mind. For was she not his mother? But she couldn't banish the thought that she was very humble appearing indeed, and far beneath him. For had he not conquered the great, evil city? And she was so simple. Somewhere the thought of reverence for him lurked the thought that he was far above her. And then she would come to earth with a start and think, but I'm his mother! And withal his prestige, he must still be the modest, quiet, good boy he used to be. And she was in the ecstacies of happiness.

So she rambled on, thinking of incidents of the olden days, when suddenly, "New York!"

Slowly, cruelly jostled, she wended her way through the crowds to the street. Already late, the streets were becoming deserted. The strangeness of it all! But what joy! At last she was within a stone's throw of her hero, her lover, her ideal—her son. And after so many years of separation! How he would catch her in his arms in joyful surprise —bewilderment!

With head thrown back and a step almost youthful she started up the street. It seemed as if she were walking on air, so in the inebriety of happiness was she.

Only a few more steps. Already she can judge what house it is. And what houses! More magnificent than she had ever imagined. How she had hoped and prayed for the moment when she should go up the steps and ask for him. Tremblingly she approached, hesitated, stood stock still and gazed. Some one calling on her son? But no, not in that condition. For was not one of those gentlemen in such a state that he had to be helped up the steps by the others? They calling on her son! No, not her son. Then the one supported turned directly toward her, with unseeing eyes, the light falling directly on his handsome features. With a gasp, a stifled sob, she looked on him. It could not be! It must not be! Yes, it is her son. He had fallen.

She took a step forward, hesitated, crouched back, and then, with drooping shoulders and sunken head, passed into the night.

James Work, '13.

Geraldine.

The little fat man, with the big emerald horseshoe in his pink tie, came in all excited and dropped into Geraldine's chair. As Ger-

aldine reached for her orange-wood and files the little man grew confidential.

"Peaches!" he whispered, leaning over the arm of the chair, "It's the candy. Are you on?"

"My name's not Peaches!" snapped Geraldine, flushing at his impertinence. "Hold your hand higher, please!"

"Oh, cut the jollying! I want to let you in on something soft. Right on the inside of my coat pocket I carry the dope."

"Like the laundrymen use in their pipes?"

The little man pondered.

"Of course not! Be wise! How much of the long green are you carrying around as excess baggage?"

The handsome manipulator of the files stopped working on his pudgy hands.

"I never thought it," she said, coldly, "I never thought a girl couldn't trim nails without being questioned about her bank account!"

The little man smiled a brotherly smile.

"I didn't mean anything, Peaches," he said, soothingly. "I'd do anything in the world for you. I always did like blondes."

"That's what they all whisper."

"Yes, but I want to swell your bank roll. I'm tipped off on the biggest slaughter that has been pulled off for months."

"Slaughter! Are you in the butcher business?"

"Nay, nay, Peaches. This is a horse killing."

"Horse killing?"

"Yes. Slim, me pal, is in Juarez, and he wires me about Fleet Foot. He runs to-day—a hundred-to-one shot. He can't lose. Now, if you could rake up a stray five spot and put it on Fleet Foot you would have five hundred before feeding time. That would mean lids and gowns galore. Besides, I'll have a roll to take you out in a buzz wagon on your half-holiday."

Geraldine elevated her classic nose.

"No." she said, loftily. "If I start out in any buzz buggy it will be with Tony, the third chair man. He's my steady."

"Oh, well," responded the little man, wearily, "go with Tony or Petro or any of the rest, for all I care. But you'll be the easiest thing that ever came down the river if you let that five hundred ride by. Hurry up and make up your mind, for the race starts in just one hour."

Geraldine thought a long while. Five hundred! It did look good. More money than she had ever possessed at one time. So out came a V-note from her trunk and she handed it to the little bookmaker.

"Good!" he exclaimed, shoving the note far down into his watch pocket. "You are the goods. I'll go down and play this now and send up your five hundred by freight. Remember, Fleet Foot can't lose."

Poor Geraldine. She was so nervous during the next two hours that she upset her hot water bowl twice and came within an inch of slipping off a drowsing man's thumb. Gowns and hats and buz wagons!

Just after the rush of bankers and brokers came a messenger. With trembling fingers and visions of five crisp C-notes, she tore open the envelope. There was a brief scrawl that danced before

the eyes of the pretty manicurist. It read:

"Dear Peaches:—

"I am awfully sorry. My pal, Slim, got up the wrong tree. Got so rattled over the odds that he played Five Foot instead of Fleet Foot. Five Foot came out second, so can only send three hundred plunks. Am sending them as agreed—by freight.

"Jack Runner."

Has Geraldine awoke yet? We guess so.

Lewis L. Redalia, '15.

Kara Dagh.

For two weeks we had been traveling by night and resting by day in some secluded place, be it mountain, forest or cavern, and now we were at the foot of Gostan Dagh. Majestic in her mantle of snow, raising her head high above the clouds, at her foot lay the black forest, dark, gloomy and desolate.

We urged the horses forward, but their instinct seemed to tell them there was danger ahead. With heads extended forward, eyes glistening, the warm breath coming in angry snorts from dilated nostrils, they were the pictures of restlessness, anxiety and fear. They had passed here many times before; it was the experience of those trips that made the poor animals act so strangely.

The leaders of the caravan unslung their firearms, and many a sharp dagger was loosened in its sheath—we were about to cross a stream which would bring us out of the darkness of the darker rocks and trees.

It may be well, perhaps, that I should explain the reason this was called the black forest. Therein hangs a tale.

During the rebellion in Arabia the call for volunteers brought no response from the populace, which was nothing unusual. So detachments of Osswania (regular cavalry) were sent to the mountains to get, by fair means or foul, men, young or old, irrespective of position or condition.

Suleman was the typical kurd, strong as an ox, and brave as a mountaineer of Asia Minor can be. He had three loves, first, his gun, then his fleet Arabian, and then the beautiful Ansha. Strange, is it not, that the girl should come last; but, we must remember, this was in a strange country — Turkey — without his gun his horse was defenseless, without his gun and horse he could never protect his bride.

One morning as Suleman shouldered his gun, patted his horse and was about to kiss his bride, three officers of the Turkish cavalry drew rein before his hut and ordered him, in the name of the Sultan, to follow them and join the army. Poor Ansha began to weep and beg the soldiers to spare her husband. They had been married less than a month. The heartbroken little bride brought out magnificent rugs, which she had woven during many weary nights and days to beautify her little home and all that she loved and treasured, but to no avail, the officers were deaf to her pleadings. In a moment of desperation she took hold of one of the horses' heads in an effort to again plead with the one who seemed to be of the highest rank, who, instead of comforting her, brought his riding whip sharply on her bronzed, beautiful, half-bare shoulders. With the snap of the whip a pistol cracked twice in rapid succession, and the offi-

cer fell from his horse—dead. For the next few moments there was din and confusion, and when the smoke cleared two of the officers were lying on the ground, dead, while the third was fleeing as fast as his Barb could carry him.

Three hours later a company of soldiers came to take the bold mountaineer a prisoner, but the hut was deserted. They set fire to the little house, and, after learning that Suleman and his bride had taken refuge in the nearby forest, they gave orders to advance. After a brief council of war the officers decided that it was too risky to venture after the fugitives in such a good stronghold, and they decided to set fire to the noble forest of chestnut, pine and oak—the growth of hundreds of years. The great snake-like tongues of flame shot sky high, dark and dense clouds of smoke rolled into the valleys, the sky grew red with the reflection of this gigantic furnace, and soon the forest had changed from a green and bright spring attire to one of deep mourning; the trees had changed to charcoal, the rocks were black; even the fountains and brooks had dried—fire had conquered Nature—it was then the Black Forest.

(To be continued.)

Martin Fereshetian, '13.

Poetry.

Oh, poetry is hard to write, but harder yet to sell,
And when it's sold returns are pretty small;
And he who would some mark make by writing would do well
To stick to prose and not attempt the rhythmic art at all.
But still, so long as kiss will rhyme with bliss,
And June will rhyme with moon,
And true with you, and
Roams with homes and tomes,
And Adelaide with charming maid,
And boon with summer moon,
So long the ever hopeful bards
Will keep on writing poems.

"Do you think you could learn to like me?"

"Well, I might. I learned to like spinach after a good deal of trouble."—Ex.

"I don't like the way you run your paper."

"Are you one of the owners?"

"No."

"An advertiser, perhaps?"

"No, indeed."

"A contributor, possibly?"

"Not much; I'm a subscriber, see?"

"Oh, we no longer consider subscribers."

The Gleaner

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. . . . . Our Anniversary number! Just one year ago the Farm School Gazette was started. A mimeographed sheet, with scanty material and scantier finances, it indeed had a struggle to hold its head up. But before the old staff graduated they turned out a printed copy, had a fairly good cash balance and things running in order. Benjamin Druckerman, '12, was editor-in-chief, while to Benjamin Packer, '12, goes the honor of founding the Gazette.

When the new staff was put in office the name of the paper was changed to the Gazette, and since then we have been forging steadily forward. Hampered by the lack of finances and lack of interest shown by some, it has been a hard fight, and is still a hard fight, to make both ends meet.

Receiving no support, not to mention encouragement, from the faculty, as a whole, and often meeting with stern rebuffs from them, it is indeed a wonder that we have survived. But our friends are many, and where there's a

will there's a way. Before the present staff steps out we expect to turn out a paper the equal of any school publication.

—

. . . . . June the second our annual installation exercises will be held here. Many prominent speakers are on the program, among them Doctor Krauskopf, our president. President Taft was to be here, but he is unable to attend, due, no doubt, to the worry involved in his present campaign.

On June the ninth the annual Sunday School picnic from Philadelphia will be held here. All look forward to that date with high hopes of an enjoyable time.

—

. . . . . Quite recently, at a baseball game, trouble due to negroes playing on the opposite team was narrowly averted. Having men from all over the country on our nine, there were some from the South who thought it highly improper to engage in sports with those of the colored race. Of course every man to his opinions, but it is well to remember, "While in Rome do as the Romans do." The liberality employed by the North should prevail here and be used by all, whether from North or South.

—

. . . . . It is with a feeling of deep refret that we turn to Who's Who in America, which is credited with being a truly representative volume, and see so little mention made of those in whose footsteps we follow; those who have made successes, not by rushing into print or upon the stage, by getting up and making a half-hour speech or by being in the business of killing and being good at it, with all due credit to the forementioned, but by raising hundreds of tons of food for the nation and, indirectly, supplying us with nearly all our clothing. Are the latter less meritorious than the former? Is the man of action not on a par with the man of words? Is it possible that the American people have more regard for the talker than the "doer"? Or are the editors of Who's Who following the wrong tactics in their tests of inclusion and exclusion? Is a second-class novelist, with whom the country could dispense very easily, or a thousand-dollar-a-week actor, who makes as big a fool of himself for the thousand as possible, to take precedence over the producer, the women of the country, without whom we could not live ten days? Or is the energy, sound judgment and business ability of the farmer of less value to the country than that of the merchant or Wall Street man?

To come out on top in a fight with the soil and weather—the weather, which is even more inconsistant than fortune, is just as worthy of public recognition as to write a thousand-dollar story, steal a million from the people or bug the title of Senator. A leader of agricultural industry is surely entitled to honorable mention even above the rest of the toilers.

Agriculture

Jesse Marcus, Editor.

With this issue a year of the Gleaner's publication is completed. We realize how short and incomplete the agricultural articles were, but where ideas are to be brought out in a limited space better results can hardly be expected.

We have endeavored to select and print such agricultural articles as would seem appropriate to a paper of such nature as ours. Agriculture is the first and foremost occupation of men.

Agriculture is the foundation of our school.

To know agriculture, and know it well, means be able to put your knowledge and experience in a readable form. It is from you, agricultural students, that we expect support for our agricultural department.

Farm News.

One bright morning we woke up, and pleasant was the surprise when we found that the previous day the planting of potatoes had been finished.

—

McKracken, chief engineer, is operating the Friend's sprayer on the apple trees.

—

A heavy growth of rye is being plowed under for green manure.

—

Seven acres of field corn were planted by hand on No. 3 Farm.

—

A new road has been made, leading from the main farm to No. 2.

Too much credit cannot be given the boys who work No. 1 Farm. They were the first to plant peas, oats and corn.

—

A large number of memorial trees have been planted, also ivy around the buildings.

—

Though the temperature in the greenhouse at times goes above that good for carnations, still they continue to bring profitable returns.

—

Witkin, greenhouse gardener, keeps his patch well tilled.

Ornamental Planting.

The beauty of many of our country homes is sadly marred by the injudicious planting of ornamental trees and shrubs. The problem of beautifying the gardens and lawns demands more sound judgment, correct ideas and refined taste than it would at first be imagined. It is not enough merely to be able to admire and appreciate a well-planned and symmetrical landscape, to judge of its merits and defects, but we must also be able to select the shrubs, trees, etc., and so arrange them as to produce an effect the most powerful, agreeable and perfect.

In former years the rage has been for mixing plants without regard to the future size of trees or shrubs planted, or to the effect of the shades of coloring in summer and fall. Trees whose leaves resemble each other in size and form may be put together in groups, but it is more desirable

that they possess some more marked characteristic, for instance, color of foliage, bark or flower, habit of growth or form.

Examples of good trees planted for dark foliage are purple beech, elm, oak, hazel or barberry. When lighter colored foliage is desired the willow, Norway maple, alder and silver maple should be put in.

Trees that are appreciated for their bark, which lightens up the lawn when the foliage falls, and, when placed in small groups, have distinct colors tending to take away the monotony of the scene in the winter and early spring months, are white birch, linden, golden ash, purple and golden willow, virgilea, red and yellow dogwoods, etc.

To fill up the foreground and give lightness and color to the carriage drive and lawn during the whole season we have deutzias, spireas, wiegelias, magnolias, honeysuckle, buckeyes, hawthorn, Judas tree, hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, rhododendrons, azalea and a host of other equally desirable shrubs.

The rich scarlet and purple of the oaks, liguidambar, nyssa or scarlet maple, the golden yellow of the Norway and other maples, tulip tree, the chestnut, with its yellow and brown; the light color of the Virginia creeper and yellow celastrus contrast beautifully with the deep green foliage of the spruce, hemlock or other evergreens.

Irregularity of outline in the lawn emphasizes the size. Margins and points may be filled up here and there by groups of hardy herbaceous, dotted here and there by arundo donax, pampas gress, peonies, yucca filamentosia, blue flags, etc.

The lawn should be well top-dressed every year, so as to keep its rich and gorgeous green. The dead wood should be cut out of the trees and shrubs every year, in the spring, before the sap begins to flow. The dwarf bushes, such as barberry, deutzia gracilis, should be decapitated and rounded up.

The rule for pruning flowering shrubs and bushes is, all late-flowering shrubs should be pruned in the early spring, and early-flowering shrubs should be pruned immediately after flowering.

Julius S. Adelman, '14.

The Great Error.

It is the end of May, the horizon is tinted with a golden-brownish hue. The sun is gradually sinking. Work in the fields has ceased, for man and beast have gone to rest. Gently the leaves rustle, softly the birds whisper their last farewell to the departing day.

George Levin, an agriculturist, just finished his planting. As he was leaning on the oak tree, gazing over the stretching fields, a melancholy sadness gradually overwhelmed him. A tall, hard-working farmer, a devoted father of a large family, and a kind employer, he should have been a success. Apparently he was pondering over something of grave importance. Deeply troubled, with a sigh he dropped heavily to the grass.

For the last few years the farm's income had grown smaller and smaller, without he being able to account for it. Hasn't he worked the teams the same as his

father? Hasn't he employed the time, followed the same rotations and planted the same way as his father?

Levin was sure that he had, and yet the yields of the farm rapidly decreased. Vainly he tried to dig in, into the depths of his memory, endeavoring to recall the methods his father employed, but the further back his imagination led him, the more he was convinced that there was a fault with the farm.

And so there was.

Levin was not the sort of a farmer who would trouble himself with agricultural literature. The contents of farm journals were to him nice ideas, but never carried out in actual practice.

The thought of purchasing fertilizer seemed ridiculous, liming the soil was absurd. Cattle were few on the place, crop after crop took from the soil without replacing. Yields steadily decreased, and now Levin thought it was time to sell out.

Another thought was preying on his mind. Being in Peoria (a town in the neighborhood) last week, among the many signs in different stores he noticed one in big letters, "Free land in Western Alberta." The man in the doorway of the store, recognizing Levin as a farmer, led him into the store, where samples of oats, barley and wheat were displayed. Astonished, "They even beat my father's oats," muttered he. The Canadian agent spoke to him in an encouraging tone, pointing out the opportunities which the great wheat section offers. It is easy to imagine what the effects were.

Although not an educated man, Levin was an honest citizen, a patriot and a lover of the Republic. Haven't his two brothers sacrificed their lives for their country in the late war?

Though the farm's income has decreased, is that sufficient reason for a man not to love the place where he was born and where his father lived and labored for thirty years! The thought of parting with the surroundings where he first saw the sunrise, part with such a glorious nation and live under the British crown is what caused him such grief and sorrow.

"Stay on," he argued, "but what will be the end?"

It was pitch dark when he arose and walked resolutely up the stairs to the piaza, where his family was aggregated, singing and discussing topics of the day, this being their wonted pleasure after sundown, thus making farm life more pleasant. An animated discussion began upon his appearance, which resulted in their deciding to sell the farm and migrate to Canada.

Let us leave the pioneers at their new residence and let us study the problem. Levin has done what thousands of American farmers do annually. Is it because this vast Republic does not oblige her farmers with a market that makes them abandon her? No, the demand is far greater than the supply, but here is the trouble. There was a time when the vacant land in this country was thought inexhaustible. Areas were broken up, crop after crop planted, the soil forced to its capacity, more plant food was taken out than replaced, and negligence in rotation naturally diminished the fertility greatly.

Some farms were worn out to such an extent that it was impos-

sible for a man to earn a meagre living from them. The next thing was to take new land, and this was practiced for a long while, until all the land is nearly taken up, now the stream of land seekers is directed toward Canada. The richest fields will gradually wane by continuous careless cropping.

This is Canada's fate.

Jesse Marcus, '13.

We hear a good deal about big farms these days, but there are a few small ones which have sustained quite a number of persons. For instance.

In England the number of farms ranging from one to five acres is 87,505; in France the number consisting of less than 2½ acres is 2,235,405; in Germany the number less than 2½ acres is 2,529,132.

The people on these farms have realized the answer to Solomon's prayer—they have neither riches nor poverty.

J. A. Y.

Several months ago the farm papers were gorged with news of the potash field discoveries. But not a sound since. Come on, experts, the farmers are needy of some cheap potash.

—

A fair application of lime on a sour soil will pay well.

"Co, Bo

I don't know why, I don't know
how,
But surely 'twas no harm at all.
To stop a minute at the plow
And listen to her milking call:
"Co, Boss, co!"
It sounded so.
Across the yellow tasseled corn,
Surely the man was never born
Who would not leave his team
and come
To help her drive the cattle home.
The old folk lived across the hill.
But surely 'twas no harm at all,
To kiss her, while the fields were
still,
A-listening to her milking call:
"Co, Boss, co!"
It sounded so.
It made the tardy robin start,
The squirrel bent the leaves apart
To see us two a-walking down
Toward the little sleepy town.
I don't know how, I don't know
why,
But surely 'twas no harm at all,
The stars were in the summer
sky,
Before the cattle reached their
stall.
"Co, Boss, co!"
Wrings on so.
The moon, from off his great
white shield,
Has tossed it back into the field,
And still the whispering echoes
come
And follow me, a-walking home.

J. A. Y.

Tales and Tattles

Lewis L. Redalia, Editor.

Class of 1913.

Only a few more months, and we shall be—graduates. So it's a case of buckle down to hard work now—beginning to realize how we have wasted our time in past. Even begrudging the time we have to spend in school activities. Au revoir!

J. A. Y.

Class of 1914.

We expect to make a good showing in the track meets. All our members will do their utmost to help along the track team work.

The meetings are being regularly held, but as yet nothing of importance has arisen.

J. L.

—

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Sure," commented the clerk. "That makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."

—

That Package.

Maybe ketchup that you carry,
Perhaps a quart of paint;
But the Tom and Dick and Harry
Are always sure it ain't.

—

Oratorical Contest.

An oratorical contest will be held Saturday evening, June 1, in Segal Hall. The judges will be from Doylestown. Professor Parsons has charge of the contest, and all should go to him for information.

—

The difference between a toast and a roast is presence and absence.

Teacher — "Archibald, what plants flourish in excessive heat?"

Archibald—"Ice plants."

—

If you can't help, don't hinder.

—

If you lose your temper don't look for it.

—

Literary Society.

On Saturday evening, May 11, the monthly open meeting was held in Segal Hall and a good program rendered.

The Society contemplates giving a play or sketch in the open. The date will be announced later.

—

Figures do not lie; many are simply hung in the wardrobe over night.

—

Mrs. Dwigg—"Do you put alcohol on your windows to give them that polish?"

Mrs. Swigg—"No. I simply breathe on them."

—

The Modern Girl.

I remember
The girls I used to like,
They didn't run a motor car,
They didn't ride a bike,
They didn't play the game of bridge,
Or gallop to prize fights,
They didn't go to problem plays
Or read the sporting page.

I remember
The girls I used to woo;
They didn't wear their shirtwaists then
So very peekaboo,

They didn't bleach their pretty hair
Or wear those hats like tubs;
They didn't have a nightkey
Or go to women's clubs.

I remember
The girls that I have kissed;
Not one a Christian Scientist,
Not one a Suffragist.
They didn't run a chafing dish
Nor smoke a cigarette,
They lived a quiet, simple life,
That's why they're living yet.

I remember
The girls I used to see;
I wouldn't want to see them now
So out of date they'd be.
I'd be an old back-number dub
To like them nowadays;
I much prefer the quiet girl
With all her modern ways.

L. L. R., '15.

—

Teacher—"Davy, give me a sentence with boys, bees and bear in it."

Davy—"Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'."

—

Shuldt—"What's a bullrush?"

Stoloroff—"A bull rush is a cousin to a cowslip."

—

He who laughs last, laughs in his own face.

—

A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old pants he would give away.

"I am the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp didn't wait for the pants.

—

Settling up before settling down doesn't eliminate settling up.

—

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Notwithstanding the exorbitant price of fruit, and the dissolution of the Cheese and Sardine Trusts, a meeting of the Alpha Delta was held in their habitation in the wilds bordering Lake Archer. Ferry, the noted horse doctor of Doylesbury, managed to arrive after the dues had been collected (nothing unusual). After a short business meeting the fellows settled around a delicious repast. Harry and Fred, the renovated screech owls from the old cider mill, rendered a beautiful little ballad entitled, "Looking Through the Knothole in Father's Wooden Leg." After this sad ordeal and some necessary rough house we dispersed for the night.

Raskin: "What's a scale?"

Jenkins: "A freckle on a fish."

Happy down the stream we float,
How glad the joyous glide
Till we back must tow the boat
Against the blooming tide.

"Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?"
"Because it isn't felt."

"Lawrence," said the professor to a student in the class in chemistry, "mention an oxide."
"Leather," replied the bright youth.
"What is leather an oxide of?" asked the professor.
"An ox 'ide of beef," answered the bright youngster.

Through the Smoke Rings.

Man came first—and woman has never outgrown being late.

Beauty Hints.

Dear Professor: I have a double chin; how can I eradicate it?"
Fertin Marshetian.
Answer: "Raise a beard."

Miss A. to Ferry: "Now look what you've done. You've broken all those dishes."
Ferry :"I'm sorry——"
Miss A.: "No, you're not a bit sorry."
Ferry: "I'm sorry—you caught me."

Now green little Ferry, in a green little way,
Will some chemicals mix, just for fun some day;
And the green little grasses will tenderly wave
O'er green little Ferry's little green grave.
—J. A. Y.

There was a dear prof. named Doc.,
Whom no one would dare to mock,
For he had such a yell
It sounded like—well,
We're afraid we might some of you shock.

There was an Anti-Suffragist, a mother of thirteen,
Saw votes for women coming and stepped boldly on the scene;
She packed her little carpet bag, and went from Troy to Rome,
Just preaching to creation that
"A woman's place is home."

Money may talk, but the only thing it says to some people we know is: "Hold me tight."

"Young man, do you intend staying here all night holding my daughter's hand."

"No, sir. My intentions are when you retire to place my arm around her waist and risk a kiss."

He was sitting in the lobby surrounded by a bunch of traveling men.

"I can tell where a man comes from simply by looking at him," he had claimed. He was proving it. "Now, you're from New York."
"That's right."
"You're from Philadelphia."
"That's right."
"You're from Reading."
"That's right. Wonderful!"
"You're from Doylestown."
"Mistaken there, old man. I've been sick for the last six months. That's what makes me look that way."

"Snap Shots at Home News."

Ferry (singing). "Put your head upon my shoulder—"

Doc: "You don't think anybody would put their head on a barrel of pork, do you?"

Prof. Parsons: "Most of the upper classmen spend their leisure time discussing trivial subjects, such as Samson's regard for the opposite sex—which is only natural in any man."

Freshman (very wisely): "A poor man always sympathizes with the poor."

Prof. E.: "Why do you carry your pillow with you?"

Freshman: "Just going to your class."

Dr. W. to Work: "Say, did you know that one of those High School girls who were here the other morning was asking for you?"

Work (eagerly): "No."

Dr. W.: "Neither did I."

The Green and Gold.

Come all ye fellow students now,
With hearts so true and bold;
Lift up your sturdy voices for
Our Royal Green and Gold.
We ask no other colors,
No others to uphold;
We only ask to see and cheer
Our colors, Green and Gold.
One color greets us with the spring,
The other with the fall;
And when together both we see
We're happy one and all.
All other schools have colors,
And ours again be told,
For we only ask to see and cheer
Our colors, Green and Gold.
And now through all the years to come,
In midst of toil and care,
We'll get new inspiration from
Our colors waving there.
And when to all our school life here,
Our last farewells we've told,
We only crave to see and cheer
Our colors, Green and Gold.

—Frederick Weigle, '15.

With the Graduates

J. Taubenhaus, '04, Assistant Plant Pathologist at Delaware Agricultural College and Experiment Station. His bulletins represent good studies.

S. Rudley, '08, manager of dairy farm at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

B. Osterlink, '07, instructor of agriculture in Murray County High School. Teaches scientific farming and dairying. Gives winter courses to farmers.

H. Lubin, '12, Instructor of Scientific and Practical Farming, at Norma, N. J. Was captain of 'Varsity football.

J. Levin, '12, conducting his own orchard in Rhode Island. Doing well.

S. Rocklyn, '11, has charge of stock farm at Clairborne, Md. Has many registered cows making records for Guernsey Cattle Club. Rummy was a good fellow here, and is keeping it up.

Zalinger, Friedman and Miller, '12, have charge of the irrigation and planting in the Clarion Colony, at Utah.

Glantz, '07, just bought his own farm of 120 acres. He had charge of a certified dairy up to the present time. Farm is locate in Bucks County, Pa.

N. Lipshutz, '13, has charge of the dairy at the Williamson Trade School.

Wolf, '08, in dental business in Philadelphia.

Spyer, '10, has a farm near Cleveland, Ohio.

ABE W. WITKIN

The June meet is drawing near and we hope that dear old Farm School will again bring home the banner and silver cups. The track candidates are out trying their best to get down to the very spot. The best can only be accomplished by real hard work. The response to the call for candidates was very pleasing, both to the captain and manager. Work, Freedman and Ross have shown up exceptionally well, both in the one hundred, two-twenty and four-forty yard dashes. The relay team has shown up well with Ross, How, Adleman and Work. Much is expected of them. Xarmiohl, Ginsburg and Kahn are the most promising candidates for the running and standing broad jumps. In the shot put a dark horse has been found. This is Samson, and he is going to give the other candidates a hard tussle. The one-mile run is being lowered in time by Adleman.

It is the ambition of the track officials to start a cross-country team.

The baseball team did not show up exceptionally well in the Yard-

ley High School game, on account of over-confidence, losing by the score of 13-0. But let us forget this stigma on the season's record.

Saturday, May 18th, Quakertown High forfeited to Farm School, they not arriving as scheduled.

On account of the non-arrival of the Quakertown team, a game with the Warrington Hall Reserves was played. It was a hard fought game, both sides battling for seven innings, with neither scoring. Kahn was in great form, not a hit being made off him till the eighth.

The eighth was the fortunate inning for Farm School.

The line-up was as follows.

Farm School.	Warrington Hall
Weigle, 1b., cap.	Johnson, 1b.
Ulman, ss.	Brinker, 3b.
Ginsburg, 2b.	Witman, lf.
Nusbaum, c.	Irons, rf.
Ross, lf.	Rubenstein, 2b.
Kahn, p.	O. Myers, cf.
George, 3b.	Malcolm, ss. cap.
Harvey, cf.	C. Myers, c.
How, rf.	Reymond, p.

A tennis tournament will soon be under way. Many of the Freshmen are on the courts, beside the old vets.

The interclass swimming teams are doing well. Feresheltian and Adleman are easily the stars. Coach Parsons will soon have all in first-class trim.

Exchange

Martin Ferreshetian, Editor.

We will acknowledge the receipt of our exchanges in the coming number. In the meantime, we thank all of those who have watched us grow. We kept our word—that's all.

You can't tell whether some people laugh or cry. They don't know why they are living. If you tel lthem that all clouds have a silver lining, they grumble because they would rather have the silver lining their pockets.

Solitude might be a great thing —it is the shortest route to a padded cell.

"Mine is a trying situation," remarked Beatrice Bustle, the beautiful cloak model.

Degrees of Crime.

"Suppose I stole a kiss?" he asked,
"One teeny, weeny kiss?"
"Why that were petty larceny!"
Replied the blushing miss.
"Suppose I stole a thousand?" then
He took her little hand;
She caught her breath and murmured:
"Oh, of course, that would be grand!"

"Time is money," said the student, as he pawned his watch.—Ex.

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